

HOW THE BEEF TRUST, LIKE A SEALTHY THIEF, REACHES INTO THE POCKETS OF THE PEOPLE.

When the Monopoly's Private Tick-ers Show Increased Sales, Up Go the Prices.

This, Too, When the Best Meat Is Exported for European Consumption.

HERE has been a marked fluctuation in the prices of meats in the markets of Manhattan, Brooklyn and Jersey City within the last month. More than this, there have been rumors of future rises which have not been fully borne out by recent events.

It is a fact that during the last three weeks the increase in the price of meat, as well as fish and other food products, has amounted to between 10 and 15 per cent. This is true, no matter what cause may be assigned to it.

It becomes a matter of vast interest to the housewife or housekeeper that she has to pay from one to five cents a pound more for her meat now than she did last year at this time. It is also highly important to her to know whether this rise is the result of natural or artificial causes.

To the door of the Chicago Beef Trust this general rise in prices is laid. At the head of that stand Armour & Co., recently famous for their embalmers' beef contracts. Persons who do not approve Mr. Armour's methods, and who know how close a corporation the Beef Trust is, say it flies prices to suit its own convenience and greed. They say that while the trust has been paying less and less each year for its cattle on the hoof, it has raised the price of the dressed beef product to its patrons to an exorbitant extent.

While this is true in a measure it is not apparently the sole cause of the recent rise in prices. There are other causes which contribute to this result.

GOVERNMENT AGENTS AS THE TRUST'S ALLIES.

It is asserted in some quarters, and by perfectly honest persons, among them a man who has been engaged in the cattle-raising business in Ohio for the last twenty-two years, that there really is at present a scarcity of good beef cattle on the hoof in this country. This man fortifies his arguments with the Government figures, which undoubtedly would be worth more in themselves were it not that

it was at least suspected some years ago that the Government cattle statisticians were only an adjunct to the Beef Trust.

The four firms which make up the Beef Trust transact a business estimated at about \$400,000,000 a year. Armour & Co. lead, with \$140,000,000. The other firms are Swift & Co., Cudahy and Nelson Morris & Co., Schwarzschild & Sulzberger, who act as general distributors for the trust in this city, have packing houses of their own in the West, but as they only do a

RAISE OF TRUST PRICES TO RETAIL DEALERS.

	1896.	1897.	1898.	Aug. 1899.	Sept. 2, 1899.
Per pound in carcass.....	7	7 1-2	8	9 1-2	9
Porterhouse	23	23	25	28	23
Sirloin	18	18	20	22	21
Flat bone sirloin	21	21	22	24	23
Round	14	14	18	20	17
Chuck (whole)	10	10	12 1-2	14	13
Chuck (single pound)	11	12	14	15	14
Roast beef	14	15	18	20	18
Top sirloin	14	15	16	18	17
Soup meat	8	8	12	14	13

business of about \$15,000,000 a year they are not considered as factors in the combine.

Armour & Co. set the price for the combine products and there is no rate-cutting. Until recently the power of the combine never has been questioned. In four years the total increase of the price of beef to the consumer has reached the stupendous figure of sixty per cent. The first increase amounted to thirty per cent, and the other thirty per cent came along more gradually.

Cash Demanded Weekly.

Within the last month matters have reached such a point in this city that the retail dealers have got together in an effort to protect themselves from the unlimited powers of the Trust. During August the retail meat dealers of New York were notified that they would in the future have to make weekly settlements of their accounts. The order was sent out that upon every Monday morning the retailer must settle up for all provisions bought by him during the previous week. The wholesalers—the members of the combine—ar-

What Housekeepers Paid for Fish, Meat, Groceries and Dairy Products on Saturday.

Ribs of beef.....	18
Porterhouse steak.....	23
Round steak.....	18
Delmonico cut.....	20
Soup meats.....	10 to 12
Corned beef.....	10 to 12
Lamb, shoulder.....	13 to 16
Lamb chops.....	16 to 22
Lamb, leg.....	17 to 19
Veal chops.....	12 to 17
Veal cutlets.....	23 to 25
Round steak.....	17
Sirloin, first cut.....	21
Chuck steak.....	13
Mutton, leg.....	13 to 14
Smoked ham.....	10 to 12
California ham.....	11 to 13

ranged between themselves that any retailer who had not settled should not be served.

The effect of this action practically was to put the retail business on a cash basis. Incidentally it would force to the wall many a retailer who operates on a small scale.

In the belief that this amounted to an attempt on the part of the big packers to drive the retailers out of business and establish depots for the Trust, thereby allowing the members of the combine to put the

middlemen's profits in their own pockets, the retailers took counsel and determined that it was time to establish slaughter houses of their own. This project is still under consideration, and much has been done, although it is not yet nearing completion.

Expecting Public Support.

This plan includes the raising of \$5,000,000, to be put into the building of slaughter houses. Of the money needed, the retailers expect to advance about three-fifths of it, while the public, who are really almost as much interested in the fight, it is not doubted, will subscribe for the other two-fifths of the capital stock.

To show just how thoroughly the people of New York are at the mercy of the members of the beef combine it is asserted that at the present time there is slaughtered in New York only one-tenth of the amount of the beef that is consumed here. In addition to that fact, it is said that of this beef the prime cuts are sent to London.

Greater New York now consumes something like 5,000 head of cattle a week, which amounts to

New York's Retail Butchers Ask for Public Aid in Building Slaughter Houses.

Figures Show How the Trust Has Advanced Prices Within the Last Few Years.

about 4,200,000 pounds. An increase of two cents a pound in the wholesale prices makes an increase of \$84,000 in the daily expenses of the retailers, which must be made up to them by the consumer. These figures give some idea of what a fifteen per cent raise on the price of meat made by the combine means in adding to the daily living expenses of the people in New York who eat meat.

Freedom from Trust's Caprice.

Before the Trust gained its present control over the meat dealers of New York City the slaughter houses here employed between five and six thousand men. If the new slaughter houses shall be built the public will be the gainers, not only to the extent of providing work for the five or six thousand men, but in its freedom from the caprice in prices of the Beef Trust.

There are sixty-two salesrooms of the combine in New York City. That each member of the combine may be fully advised of all sales made by the others, tickers have been put in each of the sixty-two salesrooms. By means of these

every sale is reported at once to the various markets. The combine does not deny the establishment of this system of advice. By means of it they raised the price of dressed beef two and a half cents a pound in five minutes, just after they had issued their edict that all bills must be settled on each Monday morning.

In order to show more clearly to the consumer just what this raise of two and a half cents a pound means, it may be stated that it adds from twenty-five to thirty dollars to the cost of a steer. A small business man who cuts up and uses six steers a week would quickly be ruined by this raise if he would not himself raise the price to the consumer.

It will thus be seen that by means of the tickers and by other evident means the beef combine has an almost perfect scheme for controlling the price of every breakfast, dinner and supper eaten in New York City, and if the prices do fluctuate it is not to be wondered at if the people shall charge the Beef Trust with deliberate manipulations.

"HUMAN CHAIN" OF FOUR SAVED ONE.

He Was Clinging to a Spile in North River.

It needed the intelligent co-operation of four men to prevent Andrew McGroby, of No. 370 Hudson street, from being swept away in the current of the North River yesterday. A "human chain" is what the onlookers called it.

McGroby fell in from the pier at One Hundred and Fifty-fifth street in a moment of excitement caused by the tugging at his line of an extra big eel. As he was carried along past the Washington House bathing pavilion he clutched one of the

bamboo-clad spiles and begged piteously for help, screaming that the tide was not let him hang there very long.

The three hundred people on the pier lifted their voices in a most sympathetic outcry, but not one of them stirred to the rescue until Policeman Wall came running up to see what the trouble was. He climbed over the end of the pier immediately above McGroby and clung to the spile with his fingers, but his feet were still far beyond the drowning man's reach.

John McCormack and Edward Doogan held hold of the policeman's wrists and lowered him as far as they could by lying flat on their faces and bending over the edge as far as they dared. The proffer of help was still inadequate, McGroby was being lacerated by the bamboos, and the ceaseless tugging of the current was rapidly sapping his strength.

It remained for John Krause, of No. 400 East One Hundred and Fifteenth street, to complete the chain by crawling down over the policeman's body and holding him by the waist. In this way he brought his feet to the water level, and McGroby transferred his embrace to them with a groan of gratitude. Meanwhile Thomas Madden had been paddling over with the lifeboat, and that ended the incident.

CHICAGO PLATFORM MASS MEETING AT COOPER UNION.

Altgeld and Other Leaders To-night Will Discuss Principles Bryan Upholds.

Under the auspices of the Chicago Platform Democracy a mass meeting will be held at Cooper Union at 8 o'clock this evening. This is a local organization which is an outgrowth of the last Henry George Majority campaign. The meeting's object is to arouse the sentiment of laboring men in favor of the kind of Democracy of which William J. Bryan is the representative and the Chicago platform the cardinal principles.

It was for this reason that the evening of Labor Day was determined upon as the time of the meeting.

Several leaders of the newly formed labor party will occupy seats on the platform. James R. Brown, of the Manhattan Single Tax Club, will preside. Among the speakers will be ex-Governor Altgeld, of Illinois; Judge Tarvin, of Kentucky, and Alexander Troup, Connecticut member of the National Committee.

TWO POLICEMEN SHOT DOWN BY ITALIANS.

One Blinded by Bullet and the Other Grazed by Bullet—Crowd Clamored for Vengeance.

With both his eyes destroyed by a bullet that had been fired sideways into his temple, Policeman Patrick O'Keefe could not identify the man whom his comrades had dragged to the Harlem Hospital through a mob that would have torn him asunder if they had not fought to protect him.

But, dying as he was, the young patrolman's ears were on the alert to recognize the voice that had cursed him before Michael Farrell's pistol spoke. One of the assassin's captors, all tattered and bruised from his encounter with the mob, addressed the prisoner roughly, his voice quivering with indignation and compassion aroused by the piteous spectacle on the cot.

"You'll go to the chair for this!" he said. "And a good thing, too!"

"Police-man spolia ma beanness, knocka down ma wife-me shoota him!" was the retort.

"That's the man!" murmured the blind policeman. "That's his voice. It's a lie that I knocked down his wife."

Pain prevented him from saying more. His next visitor was the Rev. Father Walsh, of the Church of the Holy Ransom, One Hundred and Nineteenth street and First avenue, who administered to him the last rites of the Catholic Church.

He was only twenty-seven years old, and supported his widowed mother, a sister and two younger brothers, all of whom lived with him at No. 417 East One Hundred and Nineteenth street.

Wife Cried, "Shoot Him."

Three witnesses corroborate him in denying that he interfered with Farrell's wife, but say, on the contrary, that when O'Keefe entered the hallway leading to Farrell's dive, at No. 2348 Second avenue, the woman thrust a pistol into his husband's hand and cried:

"Shoot him! The police have ruined our business! Shoot him! This is that Farrell's saloon had been in bad odor for a long time as a resort of Italian criminals, and that Brother Jacob Ruppert had at length, to the gratification of the police, made arrangements to have the troublesome proprietor ousted. Farrell and his friends were having a party and a dance, behind closed doors yesterday afternoon, when Policeman O'Keefe, on his way to report for duty at the East One Hundred and Twenty-ninth street station, heard the uproar and turned aside to put a stop to it.

Farrell fired four shots while one could take a long breath. The first two missed. The second penetrated the policeman's right lung and lodged in the muscles of his back.

O'Keefe was gallantly striving to advance on the assassin in spite of this wound when darkness fell upon him. The crowd, which had gathered in the street, passed behind that eye, destroying the optic nerve and issued from the right eye, leaving only a gap in the socket behind it.

Mob Seeks the Assassin's Life.

With a fast augmenting hue and cry behind him Farrell fled by the rear of the house into One Hundred and Twentieth street. A crowd was already within hail as he fled to First avenue and took refuge in an out-house at No. 2263. The house was beleaguered by men who shouted for the assassin's life. Four detectives, who had been dispatched from the police station on the first word of the tragedy, pushed their way to where Farrell was at bay. One of them, Buckridge, narrowly escaped a lunge of his knife, and immediately stung him by a blow with the butt of his pistol.

To save the passengers behind him from an assassin's bullets, the motorman of a Second avenue trolley car yesterday evening "threw her wide open," and the car ripped along from Forty-second street to Fortieth street at a wild speed, while blue flames blazed from under the wheels.

Screams issued from the women on board, who crouched down between the seats for cover—a measure of precaution in which the men were not ashamed to vie with them. The conductor, who rightly felt himself the objective point of the pistol carried by the hatless man, who tore behind on foot, fast losing ground, dropped on all fours behind the dashboard.

The pursuer was furious, because the conductor had carried him on to Fortieth street, after promising to let him off at Forty-seventh street.

When he had sought to express his dissatisfaction with a pistol, one of the passengers had pushed him off the car, and this had been the conductor's cue to shout to the motorman to "throw her wide open."

Policeman O'Neill, who was at Fortieth street, knew nothing about all this, and did not even see the pistol in the hatless man's hand when he ran out to intercept what appeared to be a maniac.

Checked by a Policeman.

"Look out! He'll shoot you!" cried several of the pursuer's pursuers.

Sure enough, the hatless man fired a shot that grazed the policeman's cheek, and would have fired again if O'Neill had not knocked the pistol flying with one blow of his club, and with another laid open the hatless man's scalp from crown to temple.

The car had passed clanging on its way, but some of the passengers had jumped off to see the last of the drama, and with their help the crowd acquired a rough, working knowledge of the facts, which set everybody boiling over.

A rush was made for the prisoner, and there was a roar in which could be distinguished such phrases as "String up," "Rope's end," "Lamp post" and the like.

Policeman O'Neill protected the hatless man with his body and shouted a warning to the ring-leaders of the mob, who banged the curb with his nightstick. This summons brought three other policemen, and between them all they managed to get the prisoner to the East Thirty-fifth street police station, not without damage to themselves and him.

It was a time at which many policemen were passing in and out, and all had been deeply moved at the news from Harlem of Policeman O'Keefe's assassination by an Italian.

O'Neill's prisoner was also an Italian, his name Samuel Tarenod, his address No. 306 Ninth street. The coincidence caused much savage murmuring in the station house, and this feeling was shared by Captain Delaney, who was there.

The Captain Deeply Stirred.

When O'Neill had told about the shot fired at him by the prisoner, the Captain exclaimed impulsively, addressing those persons who had followed the procession into the house:

"Gentlemen and citizens, this is a nice state of affairs, that we have become regular targets for what we are fond of calling law-abiding Italians."

His voice vibrated with indignation as he

picked up the weapon used by the prisoner and turned it in his hand. It was a derringer of the pattern called by the police a "French headie gun."

"This is a nice sort of thing to be used at random in our streets!" he said. "If this policeman hadn't been quick enough to knock it out of the fellow's hand, it's dollars to doughnuts that he'd been brought in here on a stretcher, like that poor fellow that's dying up in Harlem."

Becoming calmer, Captain Delaney added: "There are many fine people among the Italians in New York, but cases of this kind make a man's blood boil, and they ought to be some way to discourage men like this from pulling a gun whenever they feel mean."

Tarenod was taken to Bellevue Hospital to have his broken head sewed up. As for the motorman who had saved his passengers by "throwing her wide open," he did not stop to have his name recorded.

TRUST WILL SOON BE IN CONTROL OF SILK MILLS.

Preliminary Arrangements for the Control of All Ribbon Mills Already Made.

The thousands of silk workers in Paterson, N. J., are much alarmed over the prospect that a trust will soon be in control of all the ribbon mills. There has been talk of a combination for a long time, but it was regarded only as a remote possibility. Now it is definitely announced that the largest firms in the business have united in a trust. The William Strange Company, Pelgram & Meyer, the Paterson Ribbon Company, Dexter, Lambert & Co.; Johnson, Cowdin & Co.; Bamford Brothers, Melting Silk Company, Helvetia Silk Mill, R. & H. Simon, Ashley & Bailey, Frank & Dugan, Smith & Kaufman and Joseph Loth & Son are among the firms that have made deals with the organizers of the trust.

The company will have a capital of \$30,000,000. The first step will be an advance in the price of ribbon of half a cent a line, which is expected will again render the business fairly profitable. It is no secret that a number of the mills are controlled by the trust will be closed in order to control the output. The small manufacturers, who are not in the combination, will probably be forced out of business. This means idleness for many skilled silk workers.

The trust will be controlled by a governing board of seven men, who will exercise practical control of the ribbon industry throughout the United States. The present condition of the silk trade is bad, only a small proportion of the looms being in motion, and these on work of very uncertain duration.

SOLDIER'S WAR ORDER HASTENS HIS MARRIAGE.

The marriage of Miss Madeleine Beyer, youngest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Herman Beyer, of Stapleton, S. I., to Captain George M. Baker, of Livingston, S. I., took place last evening in the home of the bride's parents, in Beach street. The Rev. Francis Stewart, of the Swedenborgian Church, Manhattan, officiated. Only the immediate relatives and friends of the family were present. The bride was unattended.

The marriage was a great surprise to the

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friends of the couple, who understood that it was not to take place until next Spring. Captain Baker recently received a commission in the Forty-third Regiment of Infantry, which is to be ordered to the Philippine Islands, and on Saturday morning received orders to report for duty with his regiment in Camp Meade, Pa. Then the hurried marriage was decided upon. Immediately after the ceremony Captain Baker and his bride left for Camp Meade. The bridegroom is a son of Mrs. George Livingston Baker, who recently became prominent in her efforts to enforce the eight-hour law for the Staten Island Electric Railroad employees.

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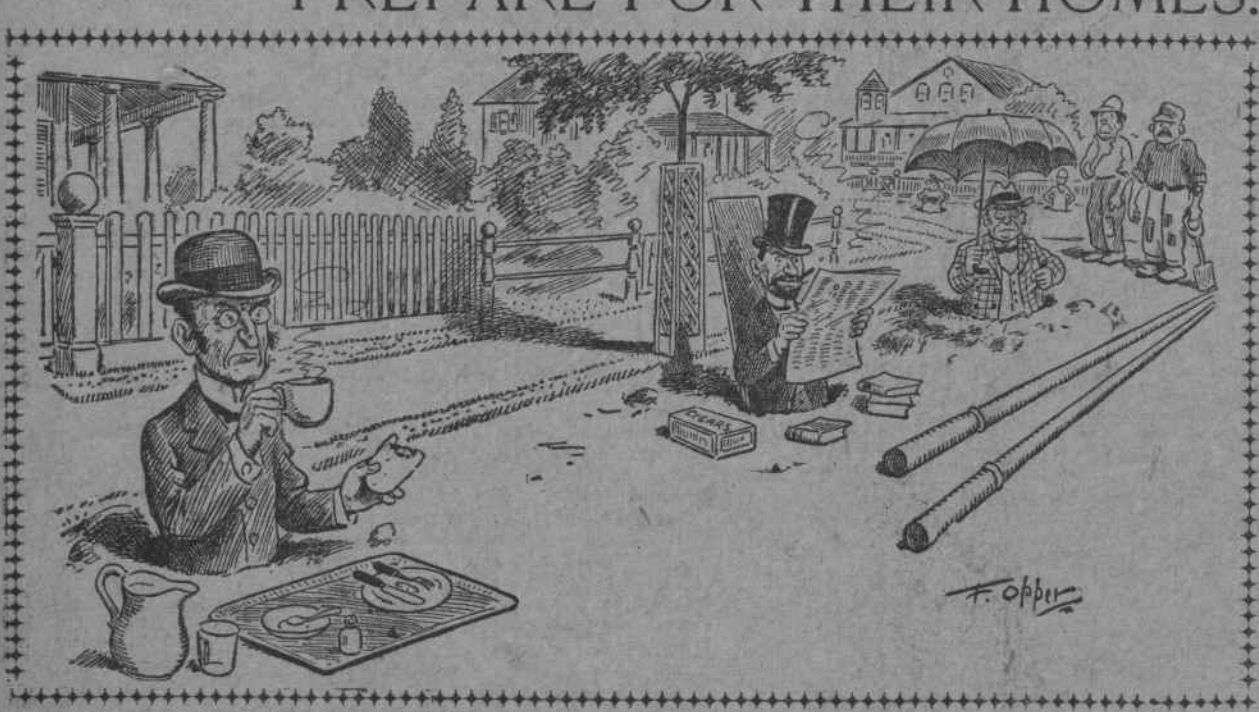
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West 23d St

JERSEY POLE-HOLE DWELLERS PREPARE FOR THEIR HOMES.



Artist Oppen's Idea of Posthole Life in Jersey.

THE Fall is the time when the inhabitant of New Jersey moves from his comfortable two-story house and takes up his residence for an unlimited period in a pole hole dug by an unpoplar telephonic, telegraphic or electric light company. He does this to prevent the company from putting a pole in the hole.

Reports from different parts of Bergen County and other sections indicate that an unusually large number of public-spirited citizens are dwelling in pole holes. All efforts to coax or bribe Jerseymen from the holes prove unavailing.

The pole-hole dwellers have many ingenious arrangements for making life in a hole comfortable and even luxurious. With a large waterproof umbrella over him the pole-hole dweller can defy the elements. A small hand pump fitted in the hole enables him to keep it clear of water.

Men of this class also have little oil stoves with which they keep themselves warm. They intend to fight as effectively in Winter as in Summer.

"Frank" Carey, of Ridgewood, N. J., who last Spring lived in a pole hole for eight weeks and defeated the plan of the Midland Park Traction Company to build a line from that town to Paramus, has invented a habitable post hole in which a man may pass an entire Winter without catching rheumatism or anything but an occasional brickbat thrown at him by some company man.

"When the Arcola Township Committee protested against the Bogota Arc Light Trust running its line to Oradell," said Mr. Carey yesterday, "nine pole holes were occupied by leading men of the town, including the Mayor, three millionaires and a big manufacturer."

"These men let their business go to ruin that they might demonstrate their public spiritedness. One of them caught rheumatism and another, a Wall Street magnate, lost \$25,000 on a purchase of 250 shares of Real Estate advertising in yesterday's Sunday Journal. Advertisers find that the Journal leads all other papers in bringing results."